PACIFISTS AND PREPAREDNESS

Peace Workers of America Not Opposed To Adequate Armament

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The question of our own preparedness for war seems to be of the kind we call academic, for we want war with nobody and nobody threatens war with us, while meanwhile the great "powers" of the world are dissolving before our very eyes.

In the United States, no one advocates disarmament under present conditions. For this there are two main reasons; it would not be done, and the policy of a nation should have continuity. A sudden change of any sort is likely to be followed by a sudden reaction. Besides, the whole armament question is only an incident in international conciliation. The introduction of fair play in place of diplomacy would do away with senseless rivalry. Nations are not attacked because they are unarmed, nor let alone because they are heavily equipped. In so far as armament effects peace, nations are mostly armed through rivalry, and armament rivalry is the first stage of war. The forces which make for peace are, primarily, to be law-abiding, second, to be just and helpful. Over-armament is a positive danger, as the conditions in Europe show. Armament is a means to victory, and victory implies war, with defeat and humiliation and the aftermath of hate.

The peace-workers of the world do not constitute a sect of a party. No one controls them, and no one can speak for them. Some are banded into societies, some are free lances; some are both. Some of the societies have neither funds nor dues. Others control a certain amount of money, most of it the gift of two far-seeing citizens of our republic. These gifts make possible occasional world-congresses, but the work done quietly by journalists, teachers, publicists, preachers, business men, correspondents, soldiers sometimes, men and women not enrolled in the register as "pacifists," often leads in effectiveness the various forms of organized effort.

In general, however, the peace workers are for "peace-at-any-price," when the price is one we can easily pay. This sneer, I believe, was first aimed at Wellington, and we may accept it. We are for peace at any price until, as in Belgium, war and peace mean the same thing. What we urge is to count the cost. We would see the price-lists first. We would not rush into war with a whoop, to make our calculations afterwards. If in the final reckoning, war is cheapest, counting life, money, morals, honor, national integrity, we will stand for war. The pacifists of France and Belgium, those who are young enough, are at the front, for in this crisis there seemed no road to peace save through the havoc of war. Matters are quite different in our republic. Apparently war cannot come to us unless we go out after it.

And the peace-worker hopes to forestall war, to find honorable means of delaying it, and to delay is to prevent. For the war party of Europe could never have overthrown civil authority save by the rush of haste. To most of us, war is not a natural phenomenon coming of itself as a social or political necessity. It is a mad outcome of individual political blunders and sins, of the aftermath of secret and unfriendly diplomacy, to be cured by letting in the light of day.

We want no fighting "at the drop of the hat." The peace-workers of the world have never been blind to the dangers ahead. They did not prophesy a great world war, but they were well aware of the military rivalries, made acute by the seizure of Bosnia in 1908, and further accentuated by the acts of various nations since that time. They knew perfectly well the scheme advocated by retired members of the general staff and by journals under control of armament corporations. They were warned that the seizure of Belgium and Holland, of Calais and Boulogne was under contemplation, with an indemnity from Paris to pay all war expenses. But these plans, vociferously promulgated, were not taken seriously by the business men of any nation, least of all in Germany where such men had most to lose.

Peace is not a negative thing, the absence of fighting. It is war which is negative, the absence of peace, the failure of law and order, of religion and science, of morals and industry, of every condition which makes for progress in the individual or in the race, this is war. Peace is the normal human condition, the condition which allows personal happiness and constructive work. War is sometimes unavoidable, sometimes by comparison laudable, but its sole function is ruin. It brings destruction to prosperity, to morals and to the future of the races involved in it. In the picturesque language of the day, a battle is a "molly-coddle factory," and the extinction of the best blood of one generation means a similar exhaustion for a century to come.

More than "preparedness" for war we need rather "preparedness" for our constructive role in rebuilding the ruins of civilization. What we have done in Belgium, France and Serbia, what we shall do wherever distress calls for us, shows what should be our place when the storm is over.

As to this, Charles F. Dole uses these stimulating words: "'A perilous venture' many say. That is because they have not thought it out. It is the kind of venture by which every advance in civilization is achieved. War settles nothing; it merely puts down the weaker party. We steer quite clear now of the bogey which they call 'peace-at-any-price,' if they mean by that any lower price. Like all splendid constructive work, peace costs courage and enterprise." "Small efforts," observes John Stuart Mill, "do not bring forth great results. They bring no results at all."

IMPERIL THEIR LIVES FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE

Medical scientists interested in the discovery of an efficacious antidote for snake bites are risking their lives this week at the Zoological Gardens, in Fairmount Park, conducting experiments among the reptiles in the "snake house." Toxicologists the world over have been working for some time to perfect a serum says the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

How would you like to sit down at a table with a writhing rattle snake before you, his fangs darting viciously in every direction, and busy yourself with extracting the "sting" from the reptile? This is the work of the scientist who risks his life for the sake of humanity. In order to work out a powerful serum the toxicologist has to have some of the deadly poison of the snake, and to get it he operates upon the live snake.
ner shown in the picture.

In 1843 Lucien Bonaparte first made an analysis of viperine venom and claimed it to be proteid in character, and 20 years later Dr. S. Weir Mitchell confirmed this statement after a long series of analysis of the poison of the rattlesnake.

Since that time snake venoms have been the subject of discussion and research by the greatest toxicologists the world over, all endeavoring to discover a successful treatment to combat the swift and deadly properties of the poison. The importance of this work can be readily appreciated, inasmuch, that over 20,000 deaths are recorded annually in India as the result of bites from venomous snakes.

Doctor Calmette, in India, was the first to produce an anti-serum for snake venom, after a series of experiments demonstrating that animals could be immunized, by injecting a non-fatal dose of venom and gradually increasing until the animal would survive many times the fatal dose. Much progress has been made since that time, and it is now possible to procure from the Pasteur institutes throughout the world, specific serums for the treatment of snake bite. The serum is obtained by immunizing horses with attenuated venom the serous portions of their blood yielding the anidotal serum. The serums must be specific, however, as an anti-serum for rattlesnake poison will not do in the case of cobra bites, as the properties of the two venoms are vastly different in their composition and, therefore, not alike in their pathological action.

To obtain the venom, the snake is held in a noose or with the fingers close behind the head. The mouth is then forced open, as shown in the illustration, and the fangs hooked over the side of a small receptacle, when the operator presses the poison glands, forcing the fluid through the hollow fangs. Great care must be taken in obtaining the venom, for a slight slip of the hand may result fatally to the operator. The rattlesnake used in this experiment yielded many times the necessary amount to cause death to an adult.

Robert W. Chambers Gives Advice to Beginners.

Robert W. Chambers gave this advice to the beginner some years ago, and it holds good today: "Have something to say and learn by experience how to say it. The important thing, to be sure, is something to say. The trouble with most people who try to write stories is that they have nothing to write about. Next—don't talk about it, do it. A writer can make his own market. It is the only way to do. Write what appeals to you and find a publisher who will take it. Don't go to a publisher and ask him what he wants. Make him want what you have to offer. If it is the real thing you won't have much difficulty. You will 'break into print' with your first effort."—The Strand Magazine.

SCENES IN LONDON AS TROOPS AFTER LEAVE RETURN TO FRONT

Second Partings Harder Than First—All Know War's Cost Now—Those Left Behind More Affected—Fortunate Are Those With None to See Them Go.

London Correspondence.

One of the most unusual features of the unusual war is the system by which officers and men are permitted to come from trenches in Flanders for brief holidays in England. It has been found that 4 or 5 days' release from war is the system by which officers and men are permitted to come from the trenches in Flanders for brief holidays in England. It has been found that four or five days' release from the terrific nerve strain of the present system of fighting with its tremendous and continuous noise is invaluable and does much to maintain the morale of the men.

Yet if one goes to the Victoria Station in London, when officers and enlisted men board the train every night to go back to the front, one may wonder if the agony of parting does not outweigh all the advantages of the short stay at home. For to those who go and those who stay behind the wrench is far harder than the first at the beginning of the war.

Then there was novelty and excitement. The soldiers left amid a crowd of cheering comrades: the women hoped they would soon return. Now both know exactly what is before them; for the man, the trenches, the sniping and perhaps the gas; for the woman, the days without news, the fearful glance at the casualty lists, and perhaps the fatal telegram. They have no illusions. They know the worst, but they face it.

In the scene itself on its setting there is nothing unusual. The station with the great curved roof and garish advertisements, the platforms with the roadway for taxis between are familiar enough, and the soldiers and their friends bustle along, looking for seats or checking baggage with as little order as a holiday crowd of excursionists. One must look closely to understand it all and learn its horror and heroism. Those men are going deliberately and calmly to face hardship and peril, and their womenfolk and children, as they bid them farewell, are hiding dull despair with a smile.

Most fortunate, indeed, are those with none to see them go. With rifles slung over their shoulders and packs on their backs, little groups of enlisted men stride sturdily along the platform. It might be a shooting expedition on the moors for which they are bound, and they greet their comrades in the train with the air of school boys after a holiday—glad that they cannot stay at home to be amid familiar faces again.

The other groups, the little gatherings of relatives and friends, clustering around a khaki-clad figure, tell the tale of misery. Strangely divers they are, drawn from all classes and all parts of the British Empire, expressing their feelings each in its own way, but all have one thought in common. The scrub-woman of Whitechapel, the Anglo-Indian general from Pall Mall, the young wife from the prairies of the Canadian Northwest, have met for a moment, because some one they love is going and he may never come back.

The Commonplace and The Heroic.

The commonplace mixes with the heroic. Last moments are precious, but some must be given to traveling arrangements. Men jostle each other as they push along the platform, the porters are bombarded with questions, and wife and mother stand aside as an officer arranges for a seat in the dining car.

The details soon settle themselves and the hour of farewell draws near. A staff officer with beribboned breast strolls slowly with his wife. Hardly a word they utter, but they are still near each other.

"You'll be back in three months?" suddenly she says.

"Hardly that, I think," he answers with a sad smile, and they pass on silently.

A lad, barely 19, has come with his mother and her friends. In the party is a Salvation Army "Captain," and the boys seems a little overwhelmed. It's hard enough to go, but harder still with that group of red-eyed women to see him off. His natural shyness grows deeper as they cluster round and talk the futilities of farewell.

"Oh, here you are! I've been looking for you everywhere," a shrill voice rises above the din. "You know, Colonel, I simply had to see Freddie off. He looks so well in his uniform, I know he'll kill lots of Germans."

A woman, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, pushes her way through the crowd. The young officer smiles feebly, his father draws himself up and his mother shrinks into herself. Evidently the woman is unwelcome, but she prattles on about wounds of her friends and the gayeties of herself and all the war-work she is going to undertake.

Slowly down the platform comes a wounded officer. Pale and on crutches, he watched the men start for the firing line. He speaks to no one, looks for no one, but he gazes with longing in his eyes. He has worn the khaki and led a charge. Now with dragging limbs and shattered health, he comes in mufti to see his comrades go.

A wild laugh startles him, and he turns his head hurriedly for a moment. Two girls are dancing—dancing in that gathering of sorrow. They toss their heads and lift their skirts. They set to each other and take mincing steps. They glance at the bystanders and chant: "It's a long, long w'y to Tipperary."

No one takes it up and they stop with another burst of hideous mirth. Their men, East End costermongers once, are exchanging lurid experiences of their holiday and have no time for them, and all others pass them hurriedly by.

A Young Men's Christian Association agent slipped quietly past them. He was seeking men to whom he might be of use. He nodded to two army chaplains, gravely chatting apart, ecclesiastics unmistakably despite their uniforms and erect bearing, and he gave to all who asked a little New Testament, bound in khaki and just small enough to slip into the pocket.

Crude jokes about the Kaiser, brief reference to men hurt in Flanders or killed in the Dardanelles, heart-felt wishes of good luck and faint promises of a quick return were the snatches of conversation that came to the onlooker. Through it all there was restraint. What could be said on such an occasion? How could it be said in such a crowd?

The Last Moments.

The train began to fill up and the enlisted men crowded the third-class compartments. The crowd on the platform closed in on the doors. One of the men stood on the step with one arm round his mother and the other round his sweetheart's neck. He was in tears and kept kissing passionately each in turn. His grief was almost grotesque, but even as he grabbed suddenly his brother and kissed him too, no one smiled. Strangers surged around him, but never gave him a second glance.

Here and there a woman was crying and sometimes it was hard to get a little tot to let his father go, but generally, the self-control was wonderful. The rough criticisms of an irrepressible Tommy could still raise a laugh and the very depth of the crowd's feelings kept it still.

As the officers took their places in the dining car, the line of division became clearly marked. Behind those plate-glass windows was nothing but khaki, save only where a nursing sister sat in her quiet gray uniform trimmed with scarlet; on the platform were the women and children they were to leave behind. The family groups were already broken, the wife was separated from her husband, the little girl from her father and the old couple were bereft of their son.

The whistle sounded and the train began to move. Last kisses were thrown through the windows and some of the wilder girls tried to run down the platform. A cheer went up, but it was half-hearted in its cheerlessness and eyes grew dim as the carriages gathered speed. But even at that supreme moment fun crept into that sad, odd scene. As the last car sped past a Tommy suddenly thrust out his head from the baggage compartment.

"'O'o'd ave thought I was 'ere," he called, and the crowd laughed at his unexpected grin.

The train and the soldiers were gone, and there was nothing to do but to go also. Fathers and mothers, wives and children turned away. For a moment there was a burst of talk, but then a woman screamed.

Those near her closed around her curiously. She laughed and the crowd surged quickly past her, leaving her to her friends. Another woman suddenly collapsed, and the homegoers hurried their steps, fearing for themselves to stop.

"They take on something awful sometimes," said the Young Men's Christian Association man. "Last night I thought one would have died."

With tightening lips and red eyes the women kept on their way. Out of the station into Victoria street, the automobile or the 'bus to home to the familiar life, the round and the casualty list.

Carson Found Guilty

Asheville, Oct. 30.—H. F. Carson arraigned yesterday before Judge Frazier Glenn of the city police court on a charge of conducting a lottery here, was found guilty and placed under bond of $1,000 to guarantee his appearance in police court November 10, when judgment will be pronounced.

Great Britain is refusing the offered help of English women doctors while Russia is gladly accepting the assistance.